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# IN POEM-TOWN

C.J. Ridout

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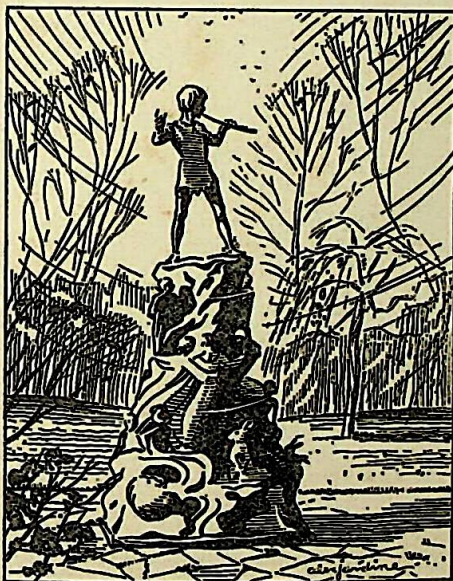
# IN POEM-TOWN

COMPILED BY

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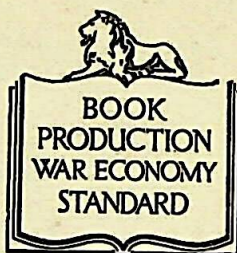
## BOOK IV



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7

*William Wordsworth*

I wandered lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden Daffodils;  
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they'  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company;—  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

[ 5 ]

# The Thistle

*Laurence Binyon*

In a patch of baked earth  
At the crumbled cliff's brink,  
Where the parching of August  
Has cracked a long chink,

Against the blue void  
Of still sea and sky  
Stands single a thistle,  
Tall, tarnished, and dry.

Frayed leaves, spotted brown,  
Head hoary and torn,  
Was ever a weed  
Upon earth so forlorn,

So solemnly gazed on  
By the sun in his sheen  
That prints in long shadow  
Its raggedness lean?

From the sky comes no laughter,  
From earth not a moan.  
Erect stands the thistle,  
Its seeds abroad blown.

## No Thoroughfare

*Ruth Holmes*

In a dear little home of tarpaulin and boards,  
Where the wood-blocks are "up" in our street,  
Lives a little old man dressed in sacking and cords,  
Crouching snug on a low wooden seat.

There's a brazier of charcoal that flickers and glows  
Where the wigwam's front door ought to be;  
As the little old man toasts his fingers and nose  
How I wish he had room there for me!

I could hang out the lanterns on trestles and poles  
Like big rubies all shining and red,  
And to guard a wide street full of wood-blocks and  
holes  
Is far nicer than going to bed.

I would stay all night long by the little old man  
Keeping watch o'er each pickaxe and spade,  
Frying sausages too, in a battered old pan,  
For the dark would not make me afraid.

And the little old man might drop off in a doze  
Till the sky turned to orange and pink,  
But the street would be safe from all brigands and  
foes  
For I should not have slumbered a wink.

# I Know a Land

H. E. Priestley

I know a land o'er the southern seas  
Where the monkeys sway in the coconut trees  
Hanging aloft on their long thin tails,  
Where the sinuous tropical creeper trails.  
Waving palm trees line the beach,  
Gaily plumag'd cockatoos screech,  
Chocolate nigger boys gaily play  
In the blist'ring sun on a blazing day,  
And *that's* where I'd like to be!

I know a land 'neath the mid-night sun  
Where the polar bears dive and the seals have  
fun,  
Where the huskies drag the loaded sleigh  
O'er the gleaming snow thro' the six-month day.  
Where the Eskimo on snow-shoe trim  
Roves by the ocean's ice-bound rim  
He's a thick fur coat for the blinding storm,  
And a little snow hut to keep him warm,  
And *that's* where I'd like to be!

I know a land in a fairer clime,  
Where o'er peaceful meadows the church bells  
chime;  
Where swallows dart above the eaves,  
And thrushes warble among the leaves.  
There may be lands 'neath a veil of snow,  
Where icebergs glitter and bleak winds blow;  
There may be lands 'neath southern star  
Where natives dance to the wild guitar,  
But the land that I live in is better by far  
Than the lands where I'd like to be.

## “ That’s not the Way at Sea ”

*Frances Ridley Havergal*

He stood upon the fiery deck,  
Our Captain kind and brave!  
He would not leave the burning wreck,  
While there was one to save.  
We wanted him to go before,  
And we would follow fast;  
We could not bear to leave him there,  
Beside the blazing mast.  
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,  
And noble words spoke he,—  
“ That’s not the way at sea, my boys,  
That’s not the way at sea!”

So each one did as he was bid,  
And into the boats we passed,  
While closer came the scorching flame,  
And our Captain was the last.  
Yet once again he dared his life,  
One little lad to save;  
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze  
and roar,  
With our Captain kind and brave.  
In the face of Death, with its fiery breath,  
He had stood,—and so would we!  
For that’s the way at sea, my boys,  
For that’s the way at sea!

Now let the noble words resound,  
And echo far and free,  
Wherever English hearts are found,  
On English shore or sea.

The iron nerve of duty, joined  
 With golden vein of love,  
 Can dare to do, and dare to wait,  
 With courage from above.  
 Our Captain's shout among the flames  
 A watchword long shall be,—  
 "That's not the way at sea, my boys,  
 That's not the way at sea!"

## Merchantmen

*Cicely Fox-Smith*

All honour to be merchantmen,  
 And ships of all degree,  
 In warlike dangers manifold  
 Who sail and keep the sea,—  
 In peril of unlitten coast  
 And death-besprinkled foam,  
 Who daily dare a hundred deaths  
 To bring their cargoes home.

*from*  
 A liner out of Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—  
 A hard-run tramp from anywhere—a tug from  
 Merseyside—  
 A cattle-boat from Birkenhead—a coaler from the  
 Tyne—  
 All honour be to merchantmen while any star shall  
 shine!

All honour to be merchantmen,  
 And ships both great and small,  
 The swift and strong to run their race  
 (And smite their foes withal),  
 The little ships that sink or swim,  
 And pay the pirates' toll,

*Sea robbers*

Unarmoured save by valiant hearts,      *leave*  
And strong in nought but soul.      *now*

All honour to be merchantmen  
So long as tides shall run,  
Who gave the seas their glorious dead  
From rise to set of sun:      *every day*  
All honour to be merchantmen  
While England's name shall stand,  
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,  
And served and saved their land!

A sailing ship from Liverpool—a tanker from the  
Clyde—  
A schooner from the West Countrie—a tug from  
Merseyside—  
A fishing-smack from Grimsby town—a coaler  
from the Tyne—  
All honour be to merchantmen while sun and moon  
shall shine.

## A Farewell

*Charles Kingsley*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
One grand, sweet song.

## Elizabeth in Kensington Gardens

*L. G. Eady*

The daffodils were laughing as they nodded in the breeze,  
And perky little crocuses were playing round the trees;  
The Spring was in the sunshine and the Spring was in the sky—  
“I’m sure we’ll have adventures,” to Elizabeth said I.

We wandered down the Broad Walk where the chestnut buds were fat;  
We watched a yellow butterfly and, when we tired of that,  
We went to Peter’s statue just to see what we could see—  
“You never know in Springtime,” said Elizabeth to me.

Perhaps you’ll not believe it, but the pedestal was bare.  
We looked again for certain, then we heard a lilting air,  
And there was Peter dancing on the sunlit grass close by—  
“I *knew* we’d have adventures!” to Elizabeth said I.

He waved to us to join him as he piped a merry trill;  
Our feet were simply tingling and we couldn’t keep them still,

So we danced to Peter's music all as happy as could  
be—

"He only plays in Springtime," said Elizabeth  
to me.

And when we'd finished dancing it was time to say  
good-bye;

"That *was* a fine adventure!" to Elizabeth said I;

"For Peter Pan to dance like that when we were  
there to see!"

"That's nothing—not in Springtime," said Eliza-  
beth to me.

## Rain in Summer

*H. W. Longfellow*

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
9 { With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain! . . .

# The Brook

*Lord Tennyson*

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

[ 14 ]

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout.  
And here and there a grayling.

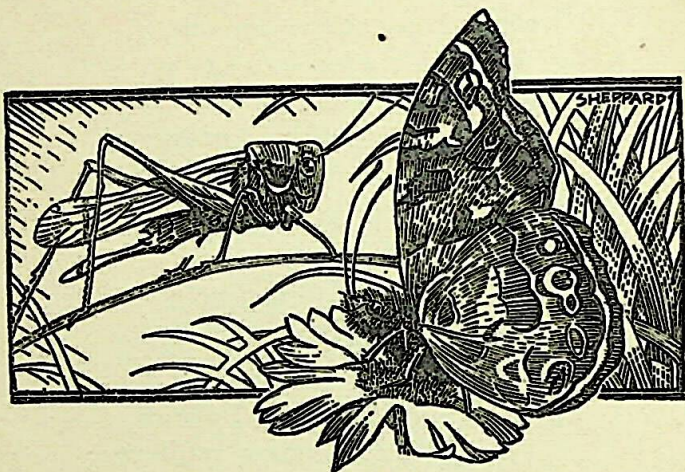
I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeams dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

*hern*—heron; *bicker*—move quickly; *thorps*—villages;  
*fairy foreland*—tiny promontory.



## The Butterfly's Ball

*William Roscoe*

Come, little folks, hasten,  
I beg of you all,  
To the Grasshopper's Feast, and the Butterfly's  
Ball.

The trumpeter Gadfly has summon'd the crew,  
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,  
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;  
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragonfly too,  
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.  
And there came the Moth in his plumage of down,  
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown,  
Who with him the Wasp, his companion did bring,  
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

A mushroom their table, and on it was spread  
A water-dock leaf, which the tablecloth made;  
The dishes were diff'rent to each of their taste,  
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the  
feast.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,  
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with  
his light;

So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,  
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

## The Watercress Seller

*Lady Lindsay*

Who'll buy my watercress?—fresh and cool,  
Gathered at dawn in a crystal pool,  
Near the river a-glimmer  
With quiver and shimmer—  
Come buy my watercress, fresh and cool!

There—where the moor-hen builds her nest,  
There—where the nixie creeps to rest,  
Where the kingfisher darts like a flash for his prey,  
And the heron skims low on his stately way,  
Where green flags rock on a lake of gold,  
And fields of forget-me-not buds unfold—  
Near the river a-glimmer  
With quiver and shimmer,  
'Twas gathered at dawn in a crystal pool.

Watercress, watercress, fresh and cool!  
Who'll buy my watercress, fresh and cool!

# The Saturdays' Party in Fairyland

*M. C. Davies*

All the Saturdays met one day  
(Each was very polite, they say),  
They shook each other by the hand,  
And had a party in Fairyland!

They wouldn't let any Monday in,  
And not one Tuesday at all could win  
Her way past the supercilious crowd!  
And Wednesdays—why, they weren't allowed!

Thursdays could only stand in the street  
And look through the door at the things to eat!  
And the Fridays and Sundays pretended they  
Didn't like parties anyway!

But the Saturdays had the greatest fun!  
They played "Hop-scotch" and "Run-sheep-  
run,"  
And "Frog-in-the-Meadow" and "Pull-away!"  
And everything else they wanted to play!

They used the Throne for "Musical Chairs",  
As if the Fairy Queen's house were theirs!  
In rooms enchanted they ran and hid,  
And whatever they wished they could do, they did!

And after they'd played and played and played,  
They had pink straws in their lemonade!  
And the cookies and tarts were like a dream!  
And all the Saturdays had ice-cream!

I'd my doubts when I heard—And you have yours—  
But strange things happen on Foreign Shores!  
And they say that the best fête ever planned  
Was the Saturdays' party in Fairyland!

## No!

*Thomas Hood*

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
    No sky—no earthly view—  
    No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no “ t’other side the way ”—  
    No end to any Row  
    No indications where the Crescents go—  
    No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
    No courtesies for showing ‘em—  
    No knowing ‘em!—  
No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
No inkling of the way—no notion—  
    “ No go ”—by land or ocean—  
    No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—  
    No company—no nobility,—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
    No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
    No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—  
November!

## A Summer Day

*Michael Drayton*

Clear had the day been from the dawn,  
All chequered was the sky,  
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn  
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss  
That closely by it grew.

The rills that on the pebbles played  
Might now be heard at will;  
This world the only music made,  
Else everything was still.

## A Winter Song

*Robert Burns*

Up in the morning's no' for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,  
The drift is driving sairly;  
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
A' day they fare but sparely;  
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn;  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

*sairly*—sorely, severely.

## A Summer Day

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ. Florence Harrison

Not by the city bells that chime the hours  
I'll tell this day,

But by the bloom and fall of things in flowers

And the slow way

9 { Of cloud shadows, and swathing sunshine wrapping  
The gorse-gilt plain;

And little lifted leaves, and water lapping,

And maybe rain.

A shaken bough, a circle on the water,

A rose a-blush, *in full bloom*

A yellow iris crowned like a king's daughter,

A piping thrush. *a bird song*

Swift fiery dragon-flies, and brown bees humming,

And tiny things *drunk*

Making strange music, and the twilight coming

On measureless wings.

## April Charms

W. H. Davies

When April scatters coins of primrose gold

Among the copper leaves in thickets old,

And singing skylarks from the meadows rise,

To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring

Time on a tree for all the birds that sing;

And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long—

The simple bird that thinks two notes a song;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could  
Not drown a babe, with all its threatening mood;  
Upon whose banks the violets make their home,  
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come;

When I go forth on such a pleasant day,  
One breath outdoors takes all my care away;  
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold  
Of wood that's green, and fill a grate with gold.

## Summer Shower

W. K. H.

A cloud sails up across the ardent sky  
Drawing a dim grey veil of rain beneath.  
The sunlight dims, the silver river smooth  
Begins to dimple here and there, and soon  
Faster and faster dance the hurrying drops.  
From the wide shelter of this noble beech  
As from an open tent, we see around  
Slow-drifting rainy curtains. Overhead  
Rain murmurs loud and louder on the leaves,  
A rising roar; and now some heavy drops  
Plunge through our green majestic canopy  
And fall through all the storeys of the tree  
To reach us here. Then suddenly, above,  
The cataract slackens and the noise is stilled;  
In breaking sunshine stirs a little breeze  
That sends a thousand jewels pattering.  
The shower has passed, and in the brightening sky  
The rainbow's airy splendours fade and die.

## Writing

*Hugh Chesterman*

Once, long ago, so I've been told,  
When the world was only a few years old,  
They didn't have any A B C  
Like the one that was planned for you and me.  
There weren't any pens to nibble and bite,  
And nobody knew the way to write.  
Nobody learned their capital G's,  
Nobody learned to cross their t's,  
And whether you dotted an i or not  
Didn't really matter a jot,  
Because there wasn't an i to dot.  
Nobody's nib got bent or crossed,  
Nobody's Copying Book got lost,  
Ink-pots didn't get spilt and cracked,  
And thumbs and fingers never got blacked.  
They wrote things down in a prettier way,  
For whatever it was they had to say  
They said it in pictures crudely drawn—  
A cat, or a crow, or a unicorn—  
Scratched on stone with a rusty nail,  
And every picture told a tale;  
What should we think of ourselves to-day  
If you and I were to write this way?  
Just think of papa's surprise and sorrow  
If he got a letter like this to-morrow.

## The West Wind

*John Masefield*

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;  
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes,  
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown  
hills,  
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as  
mine,  
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like  
wine.  
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie  
at rest,  
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the  
nest.

"Will ye not come home, brother? Ye have been  
long away,  
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the may:  
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the  
rain,  
Will ye not come home, brother, home to us again?"

"The young corn is green, brother, where the  
rabbits run;  
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and  
sun.  
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's  
brain,  
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring  
again.

“ Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the  
green wheat,  
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your  
tired feet?  
I’ve a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for  
aching eyes,”  
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds’  
cries.  
  
It’s the white road westwards is the road I must  
tread  
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart  
and head,  
To the violets and the warm hearts and the thrushes’  
song,  
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I  
belong.

## The Arrow and the Song

*H. W. Longfellow*

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## The Chintz-Birds

*V. Fane*

On sunny summer mornings, when happy thrushes  
call,  
I lie and watch the chintz-birds, who live upon the  
wall,  
Birds of curious plumage and very wistful eyes,  
Eagerly pursuing elusive butterflies.

Splendid are the chintz-birds, with green and golden  
wings;  
Their crimson tails outshine by far the finest bird  
that sings;  
And wistfully they hover, and anxiously they try  
But never, never, never have they caught a butter-  
fly!

I fancy, if they caught one, the chintz-birds might  
be free  
To leave the wall and fly away to bush and branch  
and tree;  
But the complacent butterflies, who flutter in a  
crowd,  
Know capture is impossible and could not be  
allowed.

Splendid are the butterflies, and confident and calm;  
However near the eager beaks, they scorn to feel a  
qualm;  
I'm sorry for the chintz-birds, whose task is never  
done—  
Always chasing butterflies and never catching one.

## The Ploughman

E. V. Lucas

On winter mornings, when the air is still,  
The ploughman's cries come floating down the hill,

*Ge-e-e-e Up! Ge-e-e-e Whoa!*

The selfsame sharp and throaty cries are they ८०५०  
That teamsters used in Julius Cæsar's day—

*Ge-e-e-e Up! Ge-e-e-e Whoa!*

Nothing is changed. Since tillage first began  
The same brown earth has yielded food to man.

Nothing is changed—save ploughman, team and  
share:

८०५० Ten thousand furrows have been made just there;

८०५० And every time, with cautious, sidelong looks,  
Have followed, close behind, the greedy rooks.

And every time the team was kept in hand  
By those two potent phrases of command—

*Ge-e-e-e Up! Ge-e-e-e Whoa!*

Which every horse on earth can understand  
From Christiana to Van Dieman's land,

*Ge-e-e-e Up! Ge-e-e-e Whoa!*

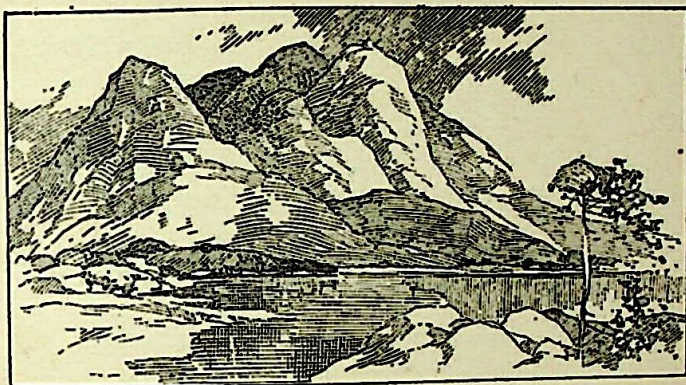
## The Song-Sparrow

*Henry van Dyke*

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat  
Of many colours, smart and gay;  
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,  
With darker patches at his throat.  
And yet of all the well-dressed throng  
Not one can sing so brave a song.  
It makes the pride of looks appear  
A vain and foolish thing, to hear  
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,  
But sits by choice, and well at ease,  
In hedges and in little trees  
That stretch their slender arms above  
The meadow-brook; and there he sings  
Till all the field with pleasure rings;  
And so he tells in every ear,  
That lowly homes to heaven are near  
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;  
They seem so true, so free from art,  
So friendly, and so full of heart,  
That if but one of all the birds  
Could be my comrade everywhere,  
My little brother of the air  
I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,  
Because he'd bless me, every year,  
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry  
cheer."



## My Heart's in the Highlands

*Robert Burns*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, जंगल में  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, walk  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

# Northern Seas

*William Howitt*

Up! Up! let us a voyage take,  
Why sit we here at ease?  
Find us a vessel tight and snug,  
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights  
With their rushing splendours fly,  
Like living things, with flaming wings,  
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,  
With heads all crowned with snow,  
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,  
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash  
Of their terrific fall;  
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs  
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear;  
The sleepy seals aground;  
And the spouting whales, that to and fro  
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,  
That the hairy mammoth hide;  
Perfect as when in times of old,  
The mighty creature died.

And whilst the setting sun shines on  
Through the still heaven's deep blue,

We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds  
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,  
Where wolves and black bears prowls;  
And away to the Northern isles of mist,  
To rouse the Northern fowl.

## The Ships

*J. J. Bell*

For many a year I've watched the ships a-sailing to  
and fro,  
The mighty ships, the little ships, the speedy and  
the slow;  
And many a time I've told myself that some day I  
would go  
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The swift and stately liners, how they run without a  
rest!  
The great three-masters, they have touched the East  
and told the West!  
The monster burden-bearers—oh, they all have  
plunged and pressed  
Around the world that is so full of wonders!

The cruiser and the battleship that loom as dark as  
doubt,  
The devilish destroyer and the hateful, hideous  
scout—  
These deathly things may also rush, with roar and  
snarl and shout,  
Around the world that is so full of wonders!

My lord he owns a grand white yacht, most beautiful  
and fine,  
But seldom does she leave the firth, lest he should  
fail to dine.  
I'd find a thousand richer feasts than his—if she  
were mine—  
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The shabby tramp that like a wedge is hammered  
through the seas,  
The little brown-sailed brigantine that traps the  
lightest breeze—  
Oh, I'd be well content to fare aboard the least of  
these  
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The things I've heard, the things I've read, the  
things I've dreamed might be,  
The boyish tales, the old men's yarns—they will not  
pass from me.  
I've heard, I've read, I've dreamed. . . . But all the  
time I've longed to *see*—  
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

So year by year I watch the ships a-sailing to and  
fro,  
The ships that come as strangers and the ships I've  
learned to know.  
. . . Folk smile to hear an old man say that *some day*  
he will go  
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

## Uncle John's Pig

*Affrida Wolfe*

When Uncle John brought home the pig on Christmas afternoon,

It didn't look like anything except a burst balloon,  
A wiggly waggly pinky rag, as limp as limp could be;

"Call that a pig?" said little Jane: said Uncle,  
"Wait and see."

He blew into the pig and soon we saw it filling out;  
He blew again and then we saw four legs, a little snout;

He blew once more, and then we saw the curly tail so neat,

He screwed it up and there it stood, the Perfect Pig complete.

A pig to join in any game, so steady and so stout;  
Then sometimes Uncle John, for fun, would let the air run out,

And then we'd see it shrivel up and sink down dead—and then

Kind Uncle John would laugh and blow it back to life again.

But after Uncle John had gone (he went on Boxing Night),

Said Jane, "Let's make it bigger now," and soon she'd blown it tight;

She puffed and blew, and still it grew so big, so BIG, so BIG,

That with a mighty BANG . . . it burst . . .

O, how I missed that pig!

# The Frost

*Hannah F. Gould*

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night  
And whispered, " Now I shall be out of sight;  
So through the valley and over the height  
In silence I'll take my way.  
I will not go on like that blustering train—  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;  
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered  
its crest,  
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed  
With diamond beads; and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy, crept;  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,  
By the light of the moon were seen  
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and  
trees,  
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;  
There were cities and temples and towers;  
and these  
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;  
He went to the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—  
“Now just to set them a-thinking,  
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he.  
“This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;  
And the glass of water they've left for me  
Shall *itchick!* to tell them I'm drinking.”

## Fairy Music

*Rose Fyleman*

When the fiddlers play their tunes, you may some-  
times hear,  
Very softly chiming in, magically clear,  
Magically high, and sweet, the tiny crystal notes  
Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy throats.

When the birds at break of day chant their morning  
prayers,  
Or on sunny afternoons pipe ecstatic airs,  
Comes an added rush of sound to the silver din—  
Songs of fairy troubadours gladly joining in.

When athwart the drowsy fields summer twilight  
falls,  
Through the tranquil air there float elfin madrigals,  
And in wild November nights, on the winds astride,  
Fairy hosts go rushing by, singing as they ride.

Every dream that mortals dream, sleeping or awake,  
Every lovely fragile hope—these the fairies take,  
Delicately fashion them and give them back again  
In tender, limpid melodies that charm the hearts of  
men.

## The Frost Spirit

*J. G. Whittier*

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!

You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the  
brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees where  
their pleasant green came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,  
have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!  
from the frozen Labrador,—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which  
the white bear wanders o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night into  
marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!  
on the rushing Northern blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
fearful breath went past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where  
the fires of Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient  
ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
and the quiet lake shall feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to  
the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mourn-  
ful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlour-fire his evil  
power away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that  
firelight dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his  
sounding wing goes by!

## Weathers

*Thomas Hardy*

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
And so do I;  
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
And nestlings fly;  
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest",  
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,  
And citizens dream of the south and west,  
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
And so do I;  
When beeches drip in brown and duns,  
And thresh, and ply;  
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,  
And meadow rivulets overflow,  
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,  
And rooks in families homeward go,  
And so do I.

# Extract from The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Robert Browning

The piper, who was attired in a pied suit (one of many colours), visited Hamelin where the townsfolk were troubled with rats. He said that he was able to charm away all living creatures, and, having been promised a sum of money, he commenced to rid the town of rats.

Advanced  
the piper

Into the street the Piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile, *in a cheerful mood*

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while; *It piper skilled in any art*

Then, like a musical adept,

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled, *creased or furrowed*

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled; *thrown*

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling; *murmuring*

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; *low sound*

And out of the house the rats came tumbling. *(rolling)*

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, *strong muscles*

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, *white leather*

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers, *dance*

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, *(work slowly but steady)*

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, *move rapidly*

Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,

And step for step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser

9 { 3 Wherein all plunged and perished  
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)  
 To Rat-land home his commentary. *नाट्य-उद्देशः. श्रीक*

The task completed, the piper asked for payment, but the money was not forthcoming so—

Once more he stept into the street,  
 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air)

*Rapture: extreme  
 joy, ecstasy*

*as shown in 20 in*

*sound by rubbing*

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling *be busy*  
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling, *shaking*  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chatter-  
 ing,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is  
 scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls, *कनक-नट*

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

*gem found in the  
 system*

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

With the exception of a lame boy, all the children of Hamelin  
 were charmed away to a fairy mountain and were "gone for ever".

## Travels by the Fireside

*H. W. Longfellow*

The ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

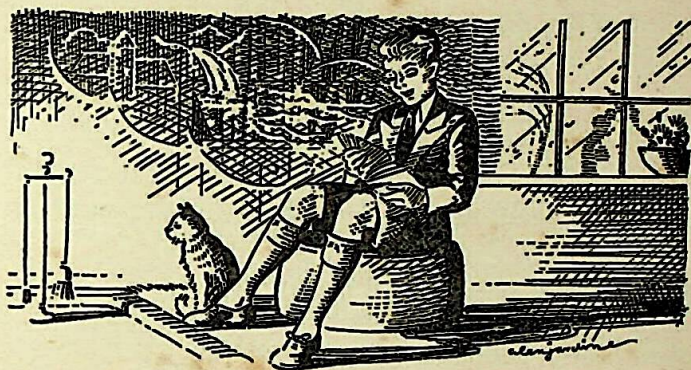
It drives me in upon myself,  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

I fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.



I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet,  
O'er many a lengthening league.

9 { Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand,  
Reading these poet's rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

# The Secret of the Machines

*Rudyard Kipling*

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,  
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—  
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,  
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to  
fit.

Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,  
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:  
And now if you will set us to our task,  
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!  
We can pull and haul and push and lift and  
drive,  
We can print and plough and weave and heat  
and light,  
We can run and jump and swim and fly and  
dive,  
We can see and hear and count and read and  
write!

Would you call a friend from half across the world?  
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,  
You shall see and hear your crackling question  
hurled

Across the arch of heaven while you wait.  
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?  
You can start this very evening if you choose,  
And take the Western Ocean in the stride  
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws!  
The boat-express is waiting your command!  
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,  
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,  
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head  
And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?  
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,  
Or plant a barren wilderness with wheat?  
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down  
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,  
To work the mills and tramways in your town,  
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?  
It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!  
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and  
quake  
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,  
And the valley we have dammed becomes a  
lake.

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,  
We are not built to comprehend a lie.  
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,  
If you make a slip in handling us you die!  
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—  
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—  
Our touch can alter all created things,  
We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your  
eyes,  
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,  
Because, for all our power and weight and size,  
We are nothing more than children of your brain!*

## Little Bell

*Thomas Westwood*

Piped the blackbird, on the beechwood spray,  
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he.  
"What's your name? Oh! Stop and straight unfold  
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,  
"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped—you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird;  
Full of quips and wiles;  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seem'd to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the brown bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripp'd and through the glade—  
Peep'd the squirrel from the hazel shade,

And, from out the tree,  
Swung and leap'd and frolick'd, void of fear,  
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—  
“ Little Bell,” piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:  
“ Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;  
Bring me nuts,” quoth she.  
Up, away! the frisky squirrel hies,  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,  
And adown the tree,  
Great ripe nuts, kiss'd brown by July sun  
In the little lap drop, one by one—  
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
“ *Happy Bell!*” pipes he.

Little Bell look'd up and down the glade:  
“ Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,  
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!”  
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,  
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share—  
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolick playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seem'd to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow,  
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart beside her bed  
Prays so lovingly?"  
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Croon'd the blackbird in the orchard croft.  
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" croon'd he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmur'd, "God doth bless with angel's care;  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind  
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,  
Little Bell, for thee."

## The Snail, the Hare, and the Tortoise

*Frank Hart*

A snail once to a tortoise said:  
"What is your speed per hour?"  
The tortoise answered: "Oh, not much,  
I'm but *ONE TORTOISE POWER*."

“ But didn’t you,” the snail remarked,  
“ Once beat the nimble hare?”  
“ Not I!” this modest tortoise said,  
“ Great Grand-papa was there!

“ You see, the hare went off to sleep  
When Grand-papa was gone;  
And while the hare slept, our old man  
Just kept on keeping on.”

“ I see,” the snail at length replied,  
“ I always thought it queer.  
D’you think if I tried such a race,  
I need have any fear?”

The tortoise smiled and shook his head;  
“ The times are vastly changed,  
(Great Grand-pa had a lot of luck),  
Things are now so arranged

“ That crowds of sporting folks would come  
And keep the hare awake;  
So what a toil ’twould be for you,  
What strides you’d have to take!

“ Besides, why should we nowadays  
Be proud to beat a hare?  
We’re more distinguished as we are—  
Slow motion’s now so rare!”

## The Snail

*William Cowper*

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,  
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,  
As if he grew there, house and all  
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,  
When danger imminent betides,  
Of storm, or other harm besides  
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,  
His self-collecting power is such,  
He shrinks into his house with much  
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,  
Except himself, has chattels none,  
Well satisfied to be his own  
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,  
Nor partner of his banquet needs,  
And if he meets one, only feeds  
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind  
(He and his house are so combined),  
If, finding it, he fails to find  
Its master.

## Crusty Bread

*E. V. Lucas*

The country is the place for milk,  
All creamy, with a head;  
And butter fresh as fresh can be,  
And bread to spread it on at tea—  
The finest bread you'll ever see,  
The really crusty bread.

What, don't you know the country crust?  
Come, come, you must!  
Not know the country, crunchy crust—  
How crisp it is and sweet it is,  
Magnificent to eat it is,  
Impossible to beat it is?  
Why sure you must!  
You must!

## Sheep

*Dorothy Wellesley*

How unconcerned the grazing sheep  
Behaving in such manner;  
They stand upon their breakfast, they  
Lie down upon their dinner.

This would not seem so strange to us  
If fish grew round our legs,  
If we had floors of marmalade  
And beds of buttered eggs.

# The Night Express

Cosmo Monkhouse

With three snorts of strength,  
Stretching my mighty length,  
Like some long dragon stirring in his sleep,  
Out from the glare of gas  
Into the night I pass,  
And plunge along into silence deep.

Little I know or care  
What is the load I bear,  
Why thus compelled, I seek not to divine;  
At man's command I stir,  
I, his stern messenger!  
Does he his duty well as I do mine?

Straight on my silent road,  
Flanked by no man's abode,  
No foe I parley with, no friend I greet;  
Or like a bolt I fly  
Under the starry sky,  
Scorning the current of the sluggish street.

Onward from South to North,  
Onward from Thames to Forth,  
On—like a comet—on, unceasingly,  
Faster and faster yet.  
On—where far boughs of jet  
Stretch their wild woof against the pearly sky.

Faster and faster still—  
Dive I through rock and hill,  
Starting the echoes with my shrill alarms;  
Swiftly I curve and bend,  
While, like an eager friend,  
The distance runs to clasp me in its arms.

On through the night I steer;  
Never a sound I hear  
Save the strong beating of my steady stroke,  
Save when the circling owl  
Hoots, or the screaming fowl  
Rise from the marshes like a sudden smoke.

On—till the race be won,  
On—till the coming sun  
Blinds moon and stars with his excessive light;  
On till the earth be green  
And the first lark be seen  
Shaking away with songs the dews of night.

Sudden my speed I slack—  
Sudden all force I lack,  
Without a struggle yield I up my breath;  
Numbed are my thews of steel,  
Wearily rolls each wheel,  
My heart cools slowly to the sleep of death.

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## The Blind Men and the Elephant

J. G. Saxe

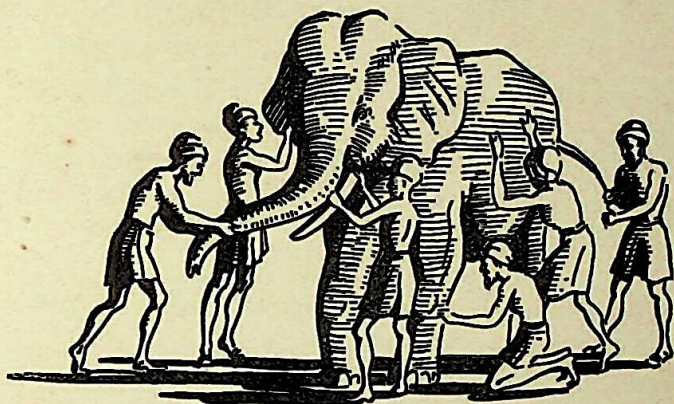
It was six men of Hindostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant,  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The *first* approached the elephant,  
And happening to fall  
Against its broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl,  
“God bless me! but the elephant  
Is very like a wall!”

The *second*, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried, “Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an elephant  
Is very like a spear!”

The *third* approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake;  
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant  
Is very like a snake!”

The *fourth* reached out his eager hand  
And felt about the knee;  
“What most this mighty beast is like  
Is mighty plain,” quoth he;



“ ’Tis clear enough the elephant  
Is very like a tree!”

The *fifth* who chanced to touch the ear  
Said, “ E’en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most;  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an elephant  
Is very like a fan!”

The *sixth* no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
“ I see,” quoth he, “ the elephant  
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Hindostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though *each* was *partly* in the right,  
They *all* were in the wrong.

# The Pencil's Story

*Florence Hoatson*

I am a little pencil, and my name is H and B,  
I lie upon the mantelpiece for every one to see;  
I'm handled forty times a day, it is a weary life,  
And when my wits are rather dull I'm sharpened  
with a knife!

I scrawl when Tommy has me, and I draw all sorts  
of things,  
From submarines and aeroplanes to cabbages and  
kings;  
I write a lovely letter when Miss Phyllis is about,  
And if by chance I make mistakes Miss Phyllis  
rubs them out.

And if I slip and tumble down I'm certain to be  
missed,  
For Mother wants me badly when she does the  
washing-list,  
And Father makes me keep the score when he  
begins to play—  
I'm just a little pencil, but I have a busy day.

I really never am allowed to grow up as I ought,  
I'm getting shorter every day (it's awful to be  
short),  
And when the knife begins on me I ache in every  
joint,  
I put it in that way because you're sure to see the  
point.

I'm very glad I'm useful, though my speech is  
always dark,  
But every time they handle me I always make my  
mark!  
But sorrow seems to follow me in spite of many a  
friend,  
For when I'm meditating I am bitten at the end.  
  
I am a little pencil, and my name is H and B,  
I lie upon the mantelpiece for every one to see;  
I'm getting shorter every day, and every day I'm  
older,  
And when my last few hours have come they'll *put*  
*me in a holder!*

## In Bed

*Florence Lacey*

I am so tired of bed. All day I lie  
And watch the scudding clouds across the sky.  
I hear the wind the trembling leaves deride,  
As in its haste it flings the boughs aside.

The thick smoke from some neighbouring chimney  
tossed,

Eddies and swirls a moment, then is lost.  
In sudden squall the slanting rain beats fast,  
Falls like a silver curtain, and is past.

Sometimes the pigeons wheel in circling flight,  
Startle the air, then vanish out of sight.  
Sometimes the sparrows chatter in dispute,  
Then they too fly afar, shrill voices mute.

So, all things move beyond my strip of sky  
While still imprisoned in my bed I lie.

## The Little Man Cricketer

O, Cricket's a game for a real live man,  
Keep fit, little man, keep fit!  
So get out in the open whenever you can,  
Keep fit, little man, keep fit!  
Don't stay in the house to play with the cat,  
But put on your flannels and take your bat,  
If you don't you will only grow flabby and fat,  
Keep fit, little man, keep fit!

Now when to bat your stand you take,  
Stand firm, little man, stand firm!  
To shuffle away is a great mistake,  
Stand firm, little man, stand firm!  
Just watch what the bowler is trying to do,  
Don't slog at a straight one or he'll get through,  
And don't try to score for an over or two,  
Stand firm, little man, stand firm!

And if to bowl you are given the ball,  
Pitch them up, little man, pitch them up!  
About two yards from the crease let them fall,  
Pitch them up, little man, pitch them up!  
Don't dash to the wicket with might and main,  
And try to deliver an express train,  
Or you'll never be asked to bowl again,  
Pitch them up, little man, pitch them up!

Slack fielding loses many a match,  
On your toes, little man, on your toes!  
Who knows the cost of one dropped catch?  
On your toes, little man, on your toes!

Don't stand stock still or you might take root,  
But stand on the tip of each well-spiked boot,  
If you let them go by you the crowd will hoot,  
On your toes, little man, on your toes!

And when the umpire gives you out,  
Don't grouse, little man, don't grouse!  
It's only babies that sulk and pout,  
Don't grouse, little man, don't grouse!  
Of course, the ball broke that hit your pad,  
Of course, all umpires are quite, quite mad,  
Of course, it's really too, too bad,  
But don't grouse, little man, don't grouse!

And whether the game you lose or win,  
Just smile, little man, just smile!  
Whether you're given out or in,  
Just smile, little man, just smile!  
With grouching a sportsman can have no truck,  
Though once in a way you are out of luck,  
And are bowled first ball, middle peg, for a duck  
Just smile, little man, just smile!

## Roses

*George Eliot*

You love the roses—so do I. I wish  
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain  
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?  
Then all the valley would be pink and white  
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light  
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be  
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once.

[ 57 ]

## When Polly Buys a Hat

*E. Hill*

When Father goes to town with me to buy my  
Sunday hat,

We can't afford to waste much time in doing things  
like that;

We walk into the nearest shop, and Father tells  
them then,

"Just bring a hat you think will fit a little girl of ten!"

It may be plain, it may be fine with lace and flowers  
too;

If it just "feels right" upon my head we think  
that it will do;

It may be red or brown or blue, with ribbons light  
or dark;

We put it on—and take the car that goes to Central  
Park.

When Mother buys my hat for me, we choose the  
shape with care;

We ask if it's the best they have, and if they're  
sure 'twill wear;

And when the trimming's rather fine, why, Mother  
shakes her head

And says, "Please take the feathers off—we'd like  
a bow instead!"

But oh, when Sister buys my hats, you really do not  
know

The hurry and the worry that we have to undergo!  
How many times I've heard her say,—and shivered  
where I sat,—

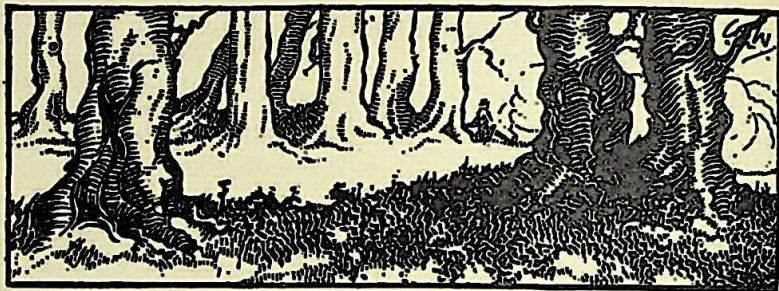
"I think I'll go to town to-day and buy that child  
a hat!"

They bring great hats with curving brims, but I'm  
too tall for those;  
And hats that have no brims at all, which do not  
suit my nose;  
I walk about, and turn around, and struggle not to  
frown;  
And wish I had long curly hair like Angelina  
Brown.

Till when at last the daylight goes, and I'm so tired  
then,  
I hope I'll never, never need another hat again,  
And when I've quite made up my mind that shop-  
ping is the worst  
Of all my tasks—then Sister buys the hat that we  
saw first!

And so we take it home with us as quickly as we  
may,  
And Sister lifts it from the box and wonders what  
they'll say;  
And I—I peep into the glass, and (promise not to  
tell!)  
I smile, because I really think it suits me very well.

Then slip into the library as quiet as can be,  
And this is what my Brother says when first he  
looks at me:  
“Upon—my—word! I never saw a queerer sight  
than that!  
Don't tell me this outrageous thing is Polly's  
Sunday hat!”



## Of Trees

*Pamela Tennant*

Winter Willow is ruddy red  
Pollared in the withy-bed,  
Summer Willow is green and grey,  
Bending white on a windy day.

Autumn Beech is a stately creature,  
Well she made her pact with Nature;  
While she casts her russet gown,  
She wears her new buds, sharp and brown.

If Birch beside the Broom be found,  
Her satin is the more renown'd,  
And yet of seasonable trees,  
There is a better one than these.

For Chestnut goes to meet the Spring  
While Oak and Ash are lingering.  
He holds his boughs, when Winter's by,  
Like altar candles to the sky.

He makes it his to be the first,  
The East may blow, his bonds must burst,  
And leader of the budding rout,  
In one green stride the Chestnut's out.

[ 60 ]

## The Rose on the Mountain

*W. K. Holmes*

I found a rose upon a mountain's brow,  
Crimson and glowing, fragrant, fresh, and fair,  
And paused in wonderment to gaze, for how  
Should a red rose lie there?

That was no place for flowers—that grim grey crest  
Let only lichens live; austere and proud  
It checked the wind's strong fury from the west,  
And wreathed its rocks in cloud.

And on the morrow, if the wind should still,  
From the blue depths the sun reveal his power,  
How pitiful, upon that sky-crowned hill,  
Would seem a fading flower!

When night should come, and in the heavens cold  
The pale moon pass upon her pathway high,  
With what chill pity would that wanderer old  
Look down and watch it die!

Should thus the beauty of a rose be lost?  
I stooped to take it up, and yet refrained;  
A curious thought my careless fancy crossed  
And my intent restrained.

Perhaps some climber, in a charmed hour,  
Divined the Oread those rocks among  
And left the valley's tribute of a flower—  
As I would leave a song.

*Oread*—a mountain nymph.

[ 61 ]

# Heroes

*E. V. Lucas*

Suppose the chance were given to me  
A man on a railway line to be—  
To make up my mind would be fearfully hard  
'Twixt Station-master, and Engine-driver,  
Signalman, Stoker and Guard.

The Station-master's exceedingly grand:  
He settles a thing with a wave of his hand,  
His coat is trimmed with the finest gold,  
And his porters do whatever they're told.  
A Station-master I'd like to be,  
With no one to ever say no to me.

The Driver's a man of the worthiest type,  
Who leans on the engine and smokes his pipe;  
Or sends her along, if he feels inclined,  
Twice as fast as the fastest wind;  
Who sits by the fire, if it rains or freezes,  
And blows the whistle whenever he pleases.  
An Engine-driver I'd like to be,  
At a mile a minute to far Dundee.

The Signalman leans from his box on high  
And waves his hand as expresses go by;  
One pull at his handle will stop a train,  
Another will send it along again.  
He's pulling those handles from morning to night,  
And it's all his doing that trains go right.  
A Signalman bold I'd like to be,  
And wave my hand to the 7.3.

The Stoker stands by the engine fire  
And feeds the flames to their full desire.  
At night he opens the furnace door,  
And the train tears by with a glare and a roar.  
He oils the engine from time to time,  
And covers himself with grease and grime,  
Then cleans his hands in an absent way  
On a piece of rag as dirty as they.  
    An Engine-stoker I'd like to be,  
    Except for the bother of washing for tea.

The Guard has a watch that is always right,  
And a bull's-eye lantern to use at night,  
A flag to wave, and a whistle to blow,  
And he jumps on the train when it's started to go.  
A Guard has a beautiful van to himself,  
With dogs on the floor, and cold tea on the shelf;  
He's strong, and he's kind, and he's also willing,  
If people insist, to accept a shilling.  
    A Railway Guard I should love to be—  
    The life of a Guard is the life for me.

The Station-master is all very well,  
But one might get tired of being a swell.  
The Signalman's box is enormously small,  
And he's never permitted to leave it at all.  
The Driver and Stoker get terribly cold  
And are shaken to pieces before they're half old.  
But the Guard, the Guard, is happy and free,  
And the life of the Guard is the life for me.

## The Choice

*ffrida Wolfe*

I  
Met a Lancer;  
The Lancer said to me,  
“Master—Master—what would you like to be?”

I  
Looked at the Lancer,  
Terrible, tall and trim,  
And told him that I'd like to be  
Him, Him, Him.

I  
Met the Plumber;  
The Plumber said to me,  
“Mister—Mister—what would you like to be?  
Look at the lot of tools I've got,  
You'd like the same I guess?”

I  
Looked at the lot and said,  
“Yes, Yes, Yes!”

I  
Met a Sailor;  
The Sailor said to me,  
“Cheero, Hero, what would you like to be?  
It's hard to be a Bos'n tight,  
But wouldn't you like to try?”

I  
Said, for he must be right,  
“Aye, Aye, Aye!”

I  
Met an Airman;  
The Airman said to me,  
“ Hey, Boy! Say, Boy, what do you want to be?  
A Pedlar or a Pirate King,  
A Follow-me-lad, or who?”

I  
Bowed my head  
To him and said,  
“ You, You, You!”

## Moon Magic

*Pamela Tennant*

One day when Father and I had been  
To sell our sheep at Berwick Green,  
We reached the farm-house late at night,  
A great moon rising round and bright.

Her strange beam shed on all around  
Bewitched the trees, and streams, and ground,  
Changing the willows beyond the stacks  
To little old men with crouching backs.

To-day the sun was shining plain,  
They all were pollarded willows again.  
But at night—do you believe they're trees?  
They're little old men with twisted knees.

# The Dream-Town Train

Mary Farrah

When little feet grow weary,  
And the toys are packed away,  
And drowsy lids are closing  
Over blue eyes, brown, and grey;  
Each night from Blanket Station,  
In the Realm of Counterpane,  
The children take their tickets for  
*The dream-town train!*

It starts at half-past bedtime  
By the station clock, you'll find,  
And late or naughty children  
Are, of course, all left behind;  
They hear the guard's loud whistle,  
And they cry, "Please wait!" in vain,  
While the good ones go without them by  
*The dream-town train!*

For miles and miles they travel  
Past enchanted woods and streams,  
By Sleeping Beauty's Palace  
To the magic Land of Dreams;  
All night they feast and frolic  
Till the sun wakes up again,  
Then home they come from Dreamland in  
*The dream-town train!*

So hasten, all good children,  
If you'd see that land so fair,  
Its wonders and its treasures,  
And its castles in the air;

Just take the road at bedtime  
To the Realm of Counterpane,  
And wait at Blanket Station for  
*The dream-town train!*

## On the Hearthrug

*Mary E. Coleridge*

" Little tongue of red brown flame,  
Whither go you?"—" Whence I came,  
Sending on a courier spark  
To explore the chimney dark.

" Once I was a sunbeam fair,  
Darting through the awakened air.  
Quickly to a green leaf gone,  
On a forest tree I shone.

" Steely lightning struck the bough,  
And I sank into a slough.  
Many ages there I lay,  
Ere I saw the All-Father, Day.

" Now I sparkle once again,  
Flashing light and warmth to men,  
Ere, like all things that are bright,  
I rejoin the All-Mother, Night."

## The Steeple

*Elizabeth Fleming*

Once Steeple Bumpstead had a steeple  
Beloved by all the village people;  
It was so fine and tall and stately  
No wonder they admired it greatly.

But long ago an angry wizard  
Blew Steeple Bumpstead folk a blizzard—  
And suddenly the dust went dancing,  
And hayricks in the field went prancing;  
The wind set windmill sails a-whirling,  
And pots and pans and plates a-twirling;  
It struck the folk and made them scatter;  
It beat the village eggs to batter;  
It caught the farmer's wife so busy,  
And round she went till she was dizzy;  
It blew the thrifty, mean, and lazy  
Till one and all were nearly crazy,  
And one and all, both dull and clever,  
Cried, "Lawks amussy! Well, I never!"  
And poked their puzzled, anxious faces  
From queer and unexpected places.  
But in a wink the storm departed  
Far quicker even than it started;  
And everyone came out and wondered,  
And stood awhile, and looked, and pondered;  
Then suddenly cried all the people:  
"Oh, Steeple Bumpstead, where's your steeple?"

The steeple, once so tall and splendid,  
A heap of rubbish had descended;

Its weathercock, so bright of feather,  
Had flown the country altogether,  
And left the place no means of knowing  
Whatever way the winds were blowing.  
And tales were told and heads were shaken  
To see a village so forsaken;  
And all because an angry wizard  
Blew Steeple Bumpstead folk a blizzard.

## The Wind and the Moon

*George Macdonald*

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!  
You stare  
In the air  
As if crying *Beware*,  
Always looking what I'm about:  
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.  
So, deep  
On a heap  
Of clouds, to sleep  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,  
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed: she was there again!  
On high  
In the sky  
With her one ghost-eye  
The Moon shone white and alive and plain:  
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.

“ With my sledge

And my wedge

I have knocked off her edge!

I will blow,” said the Wind, “ right fierce and grim,  
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim!”

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

“ One puff

More’s enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,  
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Larger and nearer the shy stars shone:

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down

And in town

A merry-mad clown,

He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar—

When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain,

For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew

The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,  
And shone  
On her throne  
In the sky alone  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!  
With my breath,  
In good faith,  
I blew her to death!—  
First blew her away right out of the sky,  
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon, she knew naught of the silly affair;  
For, high  
In the sky  
With her one white eye,  
Motionless miles above the air,  
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

## A Hint

*Charles Kingsley*

Do the work that's nearest  
Though it's dull at whiles,  
Helping, when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles.

## Milk for the Cat

*Harold Monro*

When the tea is brought at five o'clock,  
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,  
The little black cat with bright green eyes  
Is suddenly purring there.

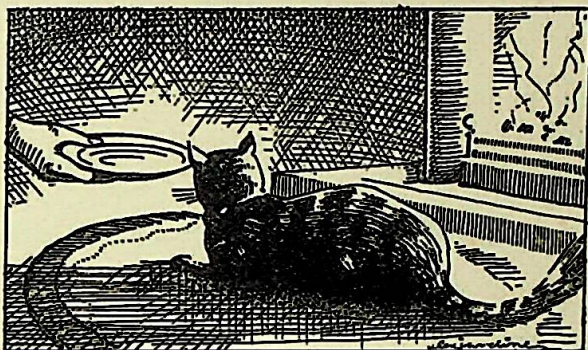
At first she pretends, having nothing to do,  
She has come in merely to blink by the grate,  
But, though tea may be late or the milk may be sour,  
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes  
Take a soft large milky haze,  
And her independent casual glance  
Becomes a stiff hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears  
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,  
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes  
One breathing trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;  
The two old ladies stroke their silk:  
But the cat is growing small and thin with desire,  
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.

The white saucer like some full moon descends  
At last from the clouds of the table above;  
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,  
Transfigured with love.



She nestles over the shining rim,  
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;  
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw  
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;  
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,  
Till her tongue has curled the last holy drop,  
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap  
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,  
Lies defeated and buried deep  
Three or four hours unconscious there.

# The Armada

Lord Macaulay

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
praise;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in  
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in  
vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of  
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to  
Plymouth Bay;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond  
Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many  
a mile.

. . . . .

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old  
sheriff comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him  
sound the drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an  
ample space;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of  
Her Grace.

. . . . .

Hol! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight! Hol!  
scatter flowers, fair maids!

Hol! gunners, fire a loud salute! Hol! gallants  
draw your blades!

*That great fleet invincible*—the Spanish Armada, 1588.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft  
her wide,  
Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride!

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty  
scroll of gold;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the  
purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er  
again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lynn  
to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the  
day;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-  
flame spread,  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone  
on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twink-  
ling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering  
waves,  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's  
sunless caves;

*semper eadem* (Latin)—always the same. It was the motto  
of Queen Elizabeth.

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,  
the fiery herald flew;  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers  
of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out  
from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on  
Clifton Down;  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into  
the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of  
blood-red light.  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike  
silence broke,  
And with one start and with one cry the royal city  
woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering  
fires;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling  
spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the  
voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a  
louder cheer;  
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of  
hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed  
down each roaring street;  
And broader still became the blaze and louder still  
the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came  
spurring in;

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the  
warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant  
squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those  
bright couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they  
started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they  
bounded still;

All night from tower to tower they sprang; they  
sprang from hill to hill;

Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's  
rocky dales,

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills  
of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height,

Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's  
crest of light,

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's  
stately fane,

And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the  
boundless plain;

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln  
sent,

And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide  
vale of Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's  
embattled pile

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers  
of Carlisle.

## The Rag-Doll

*R. C. Lehmann*

The Rag-doll here and the Rag-doll there! take care  
of the Rag-doll, do!

She's a dollopy, dumpy, dowdy doll with a grin on  
her face for two.

She's a dollopy doll with two stuffed legs—but she's  
only got one stuffed arm—

But, oh! take care of the Rag-doll, do, and see that  
she takes no harm.

Her face is as flat as a girdle-cake, the tint of her  
cheeks is pink;

Her eyes have a fixed and glassy stare that would  
make a policeman blink.

Her nose is a blob and her teeth are paint, and I'm  
sorry I can't say more

For the looks of the doll who takes her ease all day  
on the nursery floor.

But you can't judge dolls by their looks, you know;  
this doll has a wondrous way

Of being a Fairy Prince by night, while she's only  
a doll by day:

A Fairy Prince with his tossing curls and a smile  
that is bright and bold,

And a trusty sword and a waving plume on a helmet  
of shining gold.

And forth on his milk-white steed he rides, a gay  
and a gallant sight—

He was only a feminine doll by day; he's a regular  
Prince by night.

He fights and he curvets all night long at the head  
of his troop of men,  
And, lo, at the break of dawn he's back, a dowdy  
old doll again.

On the following night it is presto, changel and, lo,  
she is off to steer  
On a ship of her own to the Southern Seas, for now  
she's a buccaneer.  
There hasn't been seen a Pirate King that ever had  
half his scars,  
Or caverns so full of round doubloons and jewels  
and golden bars.

And nobody chops and lops like him, or sneers with  
such curling lips  
At the shivering, shrinking, cringing crews, and  
the captains of merchant ships.  
And he laughs, ha! ha! when the storm winds blow,  
and he never gives way to fear,  
This scar-seamed King of the Caribbees who is only  
a Rag-doll here.

A Beauty asleep, a Gnome, a Queen, a Knight of the  
Golden Spur—  
Old Raggy she takes them all in turns: they're one  
and the same to her.  
She has mounted in haste her chamfroned horse,  
and her sword she has girded on,  
And has thundered away on a new Crusade to the  
towers of Ascalon.

*chamfron*—the armour for the fore-part of a war-horse.

She has thundered away with the Christian host a  
Saracen town to win,  
But, oh, when the night is half-way through she's  
fighting as SALADIN.  
She's a wonderful changeable doll, in short, as ever  
a mortal knew;  
So I say, take care of the old Rag-doll, take care of  
the Rag-doll, do!

## Willow the King

*Edward Bowen*

Willow the King is a monarch grand,  
Three in a row his courtiers stand;  
Every day when the sun shines bright,  
The doors of his palace are painted white,  
And all the company bow their backs  
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax.  
So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing,  
Honour and life to Willow the King!

Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight;  
Trouble is coming before the night;  
Hopping and galloping, short and strong  
Comes the Leathery Duke along;  
And down the palaces tumble fast  
When once the Leathery Duke gets past.

"Who is this," King Willow he swore,  
"Hops like that to a gentleman's door?  
Who's afraid of a Duke like him?  
Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim;  
"What do you say, my courtiers three?"  
And the courtiers all said, "Fiddlededee!"

Willow the King stepped forward bold  
Three good feet from his castle hold;  
Willow the King stepped back so light,  
Skirmished gay to the left and right;  
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling—  
“ Bless my soul!” says Willow the King.

Crash the palaces, sad to see;  
Crash and tumble the courtiers three!  
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,  
Down on the grass his respected head;  
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,  
Up in the air his respected toes.

But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,  
Jumped till he almost touched the sky;  
“ A fig for King Willow,” he boasting said,  
“ Carry this gentleman off to bed!”  
So they carried him off with the courtiers three,  
And put him to bed in the green-baize tree.

“ What of the Duke?” you ask anon,  
“ Where has his Leathery Highness gone?”  
O he is filled with air inside—  
Either it's air, or else it's pride—  
And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,  
And they kick him about till Christmas come.  
    So ho! ho! ho! may his courtiers sing,  
    Honour and life to Willow the King!

*the green-baize tree—the cricket bag.*

## The Black Lamb

W. K. H.

Arrayed in innocence, his friends  
Amongst the daisies frisk;  
His days as merrily he spends,  
As blissful and as brisk,  
As though, poor lamb, he did not mind  
Thus differing from all his kind.

How white their fleeces in the sun!  
How dusk and shadowy he!  
Yet no reflection mars his fun,  
Or checks his youthful glee.  
Light-headed wretch, does he not know  
That he is soot, while they are snow?

Pathetic, thoughtless lambkin, wait;  
Fast growing up, you'll find  
(If e'er you think?) what's meant by fate  
And destiny unkind.  
The doors of doom none may unlock—  
You're born the black sheep of the flock!

Yet, frisky thing, perhaps you are  
More wise than I should guess,  
And know that colour is no bar  
To worth and happiness.  
Yours is a case that well may chance  
Of triumph over circumstance!



## The Londoner's Chariot

*Wilfrid Thorley*

### *The Conductor Speaks—*

Come board my speeding chariot that bears you for  
a crown or two  
From shire to shire, by bridge and spire, from Lee  
to Muswell Hill;  
I pass by ancient palaces, I sweep across a Down or  
two.  
You'll swear it's worth a crown or two  
Before the wheels are still.

From dawn to dark by city streets, with scarlet sides  
I hurry down;  
Quit sordid care, climb up my stair, and glide with  
me along,  
And you may dream in Warren Wood or ponder on  
a Surrey Down,  
My wheels shall beat your worry down  
And fill your soul with song.

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Choose well your day, and if in doubt just ask some  
wise old weather-head;  
Take bread and cheese, and, if you please, an apple  
and a bun;  
And you may revel half a day at Epping or at  
Leatherhead,  
As blithe as any feather-head  
That dances in the sun.

There's pageant in the sky for you. The stately  
clouds go sweeping on,  
A fleet of sail that braves the gale across the windy  
vast;  
Anon they seem a host of horse in sudden dust  
stampeding on  
To find fresh fields for feeding on,  
Before the day is past.

And steeples far away you'll spy through veils of  
mist that muffle them,  
Where old and scarred they rise and guard God's  
acre of dead souls;  
And round them barley stems that bow as sudden  
breezes ruffle them,  
And fairy fingers shuffle them  
With every wave that rolls.

You'll pass by many an ancient inn, and see the  
swinging sign of it;  
You'll pass by marts of coster-carts, and gardens  
sweet with musk;  
And ever as you face the sky you'll see the changing  
line of it,

Until the sun makes wine of it,  
And drowns the world in dusk.

So, board my speeding chariot and leave your  
native soil behind;  
I fly like fire from shire to shire, from Sheen to  
Seven Kings;  
I've got a Spartan at the wheel, another drum of oil  
behind;  
Though slower wheels may toil behind,  
It's you that shall have wings.

## To a Butterfly

*William Wordsworth*

— *balanced* I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little butterfly! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless!—not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours; *piece*  
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

Come often to us, fear no wrong;

Sit near us, on the bough!

9 { We'll talk of sunshine and of song;  
And summer days when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now. *Sacred place*

## The Race of the Flowers

*W. B. Rands*

The trees and the flowers seem running a race,  
But none treads down the other;  
And neither thinks it his disgrace  
To be later than his brother.  
Yet the pear-tree shouts to the lilac-tree,  
"Make haste, for the Spring is late!"  
And the lilac cries to the chestnut-tree,  
Because he is so great,  
"Pray you, dear Sir, be quick, be quick!  
For down below we are blossoming thick!"

Then the chestnut hears, and comes out in bloom,  
White or pink, to the tip-top boughs—  
Oh, why not grow higher, there's plenty of room,  
With the wide blue sky for your house!  
And then they begin to sing all together,  
Little and big with a beautiful burst,  
They sweeten the wind, and paint the weather,  
And nobody knows who was first.

White rose, red rose,  
Bud rose, shed rose,  
Larkspur, and lily, and the rest,  
North, South, East, West,  
June, July, August, September!  
Ever so late in the year will come  
Many a red geranium  
And chrysanthemums up to November.

But when Winter has overtaken them all,  
 And the fogs and the rains are beginning to fall,  
 The flowers are weary of running their races,  
 And close their eyelids, and hide their faces,  
 And under the ground they go to sleep.  
 Is it very far down? Yes, ever so deep.

## The Cloud

*P. B. Shelley*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet birds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.

employ  
or  
hold &  
use

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under;  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

instrument for  
thrashing grain

separate

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

(groan) sound

fearful

Thunder Storm

## The Elfin Artist

*Alfred Noyes*

In a glade of an Elfin forest,  
When Sussex was Eden-new,  
I came on an elfin painter,  
And watched as his picture grew.  
A harebell nodded beside him,  
He dipped his brush in the dew.

And it might be the wild thyme round him  
That shone in that dark strange ring;  
But his brushes were bees' antennæ,  
His knife was a wasp's blue sting;  
And a gorgeous exquisite palette  
Was a butterfly's fan-shaped wing.

And he mingled its powdery colours,  
And painted the lights that pass,  
On a delicate cobweb canvas  
That gleamed like a magic glass,  
And bloomed like a banner of elf-land,  
Between two stalks of grass;

Till it shone like an angel's feather  
With sky-born opal and rose,  
And gold from the foot of the rainbow,  
And colour that no man knows;  
And I laughed in the sweet May weather  
Because of the themes he chose.



For he painted the things that matter,  
The tints that we all pass by,  
Like the little blue wreaths of incense  
That the wild thyme breathes in the sky;  
Or the first white bud of the hawthorn,  
And the light in a blackbird's eye.

And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks  
That carolling skylarks throw—  
Dark blots on the slumbering splendours  
That under the wild wings flow,  
Wee shadows like violets trembling  
On the unseen breasts of snow;

With petals too lovely for colour,  
That shake to the rapturous wings,  
And grow as the bird draws near them,  
And die as he mounts and sings—  
Ah, only those exquisite brushes  
Could paint these marvellous things.

## The Mermaids

We dwell in the Sea-King's ancient hall  
Hid deep within the bay,  
Where dim groves echo the wind's wild tune,  
And whispering waters sway.

Amber and coral and silver and jade  
Glisten and gloom through its waves;  
The eager sunbeams fill each arch,  
And dance in its crystal caves.

Through forests fairer than mortals know  
The Sea-King's children rove;  
We glimpse the grey whales as they pass,  
We watch the ships above.

When flaming noonday gilds the sand  
Our gardens we prepare,  
And deck with pearl and anemones  
The seaweed's purple hair.

And when the moon through dewy veils  
Her silver radiance pours,  
We silently rise above the sea,  
And steal to the dusky shores.

Along the ocean's shimmering verge  
Merrily trips our throng,  
While soft and faintly as a dream  
We sing our midnight song.

But when the billows seethe and hiss,  
And the seagulls wheel and screech,  
Laughing we call where the surges fall  
In thunder on the beach;

With arms upraised we plunge beneath  
The tempest's roar and foam,  
And glide with mazy movement slow  
Back to the Sea-King's home.

## About Ben Adhem

*Leigh Hunt*

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.”

8 The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had  
bless'd,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

*Abou* is a Persian form of address.

## Meg Merrilies

*John Keats*

Old Meg she was a gipsy,  
And lived upon the moors;  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors.  
Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants pods o' broom;  
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her sisters larchen trees—  
Alone with her great family  
She lived as she did please.  
No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon,  
And 'stead of supper she would stare  
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark glen yew  
She wove and she would sing.  
And with her fingers old and brown  
She plaited mats o' rushes,  
And gave them to the cottagers  
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen  
And tall as Amazon:  
An old red blanket cloak she wore;  
A chip hat had she on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere—  
She died full long ago!

## Vitai Lampada \*

Sir Henry Newbolt

rebounding ground

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—

Stillness

Ten to make and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in.

9 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—

Smote = touched

“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—

drenched

Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—

The Gatling's jammed, and the Colonel dead,

Ruin

And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,

And England's far, and Honour a name,

But the voice of a school-boy rallies the ranks:

organises

“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the School is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—

hand over

“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

\* This is Latin for “The Torch of Life”. It is an allusion to the old Greek relay race in which a torch was handed by one runner to the next.

## The Fountain

*James Russell Lowell*

Into the sunshine, full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing from morn till night!  
Into the moonlight, whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like when the winds blow!  
Into the starlight, rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight, happy by day!  
Ever in motion, blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward, never aweary;  
Glad of all weathers, still seeming best,  
Upward or downward, motion thy rest;  
Full of a nature nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment, ever the same.

## How Glad I shall Be

*Eliza Cook*

How glad I shall be when the Cuckoo is singing,  
When Springtime is here and the sunshine is warm;  
For 'tis pleasant to tread when the bluebell is  
springing,  
And lily-cups grow in their fairy-like form.  
Then we shall see the loud-twittering swallow,  
Building his home 'neath the cottager's eaves,  
The brown-headed nightingale quickly will follow  
And the orchard be grand with its blossoms and  
leaves.  
The branches so gay will be dancing away,  
Decked out in their dresses so white and so pink,  
And then we'll go straying,  
And playing  
And maying  
By valleys, and hills, and the rivulet's brink.

How glad I shall be when the bright little daisies  
Are peeping all over the meadows again,  
And merry 'twill sound when the skylark upraises  
His carolling voice o'er the flower-strewn plain;  
Then the corn will be up and the lambs will be  
leaping,  
The palm with its buds of rich gold will be bent,  
The hedges of hawthorn will burst from their  
sleeping,  
All fresh and delicious with beauty and scent.  
'Twill be joyous to see the young wandering bee,  
When the lilacs are out and laburnum boughs  
swell,  
And then we'll go straying,  
And playing  
And maying  
By upland and lowland, by dingle and dell.

How glad I shall be when the furze-bush and clover  
Stand up in their garments of yellow and red;  
When the butterfly comes like a holiday rover,  
And grasshoppers cheerily jump as we tread.  
All the sweet wild flowers then will be shining,  
All the high trees will be covered with green;  
We'll gather the rarest of blossoms for twining,  
And garland the brow of some bonnie May Queen.  
Like the branches so gay we'll go dancing away,  
Like our cheeks in the sunlight, and steps on the  
sod,  
And then we'll go straying,  
And playing  
And maying  
And praise all the loveliness sent by a God.

# The Wind in a Frolic

*William Howitt*

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,  
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!  
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!  
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,  
Cracking the signs and scattering down  
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
As the apples and oranges trundled about;  
And the urchins that stand, with their thievish eyes  
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and  
humming,  
And the cattle all wondered what monster was  
coming.

It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,  
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;  
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,  
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and  
mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,—  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the King's highway.  
It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;  
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily,  
"Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
For it cracked their great branches through and  
through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,  
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm:  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over  
their caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;  
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to  
be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane  
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;  
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed—  
and he stood  
With his hat in a pool, and his shoes in the mud!

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,  
And now it was far on the billowy sea:  
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,  
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lol it was night, and it sank to rest  
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,  
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,  
How little of mischief it really had done.

## My Native Land

*Sir Walter Scott*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there be, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

## A Face

*Edward Wyndham Tennant*

I know a face, a lovely face,  
As full of beauty as of grace,  
A face of pleasure, ever bright,  
In utter darkness it gives light.  
A face that is itself like joy,  
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;  
But I've a joy that have few other,  
This lovely woman is my Mother.

## The Fairy's Bower

*William Shakespeare*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

*A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

*Titania*—the queen of Fairyland.

## Sunrise

*William Shakespeare*

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

*Hamlet.*

## Sunset

*William Shakespeare*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*Richard III.*

## Jog On!

*William Shakespeare*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

*The Winter's Tale.*

## On Christmas Night

*Hugh Chesterman*

I woke from sleep on Christmas Night,  
The sky was clear and the stars were bright,  
The moon peeped over the window sill,  
And all the house was hushed and still,  
Save down in the hall, where Grandfather Clock  
Talked to himself with a faint "Tick-tock."  
So up to the landing stairs I crept  
And passed the room where Bridget slept.  
Up in the roof there's a room I know,  
An attic where I and Bridget go,  
And our books are there on a shelf, in a row.  
I stopped at the door and listened and heard  
A sound like the sigh when the leaves are stirred  
By the soft night wind; and then the beat  
Of a tiny drum, and the patter of feet.  
And next I caught (but faint and thin)  
The elfin notes of a violin.  
Below the crack of the attic door  
Was a pale blue flame on the wooden floor,  
So I put my eye to the lock to see  
Whatever this fairy light could be.  
And a Christmas Tree came into view,  
With a hundred candles burning blue.  
And round it circled, three times three,  
The merriest, maddest company.  
All the folk that I'd met in stories,  
Kings and Caliphs, Whigs and Tories,  
Elves and Warlocks, pale Princesses,  
Fairies, too, in fancy dresses.  
Some were ragged; some were dapper;  
Shuffle-shuffle, tipper-tapper,

How they jigged and twirled and turned!  
 While bluer still the candles burned.  
 I stood for a second or two outside,  
 Then pushed the door till it opened wide.  
 The room was empty: the dancers gone;  
 Gone was the tree; but the moonlight shone  
 Cold and white on the attic wall  
 Where my Story Books stood; and that was all.

## Christmas Eve

*C. Druitt Cole*

On Christmas Eve the little stars  
 Sparkle and glisten with delight,  
 Like strings of glitt'ring diamonds,  
 Across the darkness of the night.

On Christmas Eve the little stars  
 Dance in their places in the sky;  
 Ah! I would go and trip with them  
 If I could only climb as high.

On Christmas Eve the little stars  
 Sing merry carols all night long;  
 But O! I am so far away  
 I cannot even hear their song.

On Christmas Eve the little stars  
 Sparkle and dance, and sing till dawn;  
 And I am singing too, because  
 To-morrow will be Christmas Morn.

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## NOTES

**Robert Browning** (b. 1812, d. 1889).

This poet lived at the same time as Tennyson. For many years he resided in Italy, and in his *Home Thoughts from Abroad* he expresses a longing to be home in England for the springtime.

*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.—This is a rather amusing poem. Although it is a fairy story, yet we should remember the moral, let us keep our promises.

**Robert Burns** (b. 1759, d. 1796).

From the poems of Burns included in this book, you will have noted that this poet was a native of Scotland and wrote in the Scottish dialect. He has been unequalled as a song-writer, and one of his best-known songs is *Auld Lang Syne*.

*My Heart's in the Highlands*.—This poem expresses the deep love of the home country by the exiled Scot and is in sharp contrast to the wander-spirit of such a poem as *Northern Seas*. Burns thought as he wrote, for he had a passionate love for the land of his birth.

**William Cowper** (b. 1731, d. 1800).

Unlike many poets before him, Cowper selected simple and commonplace subjects for his poems; he saw the beauty in all natural objects. His poem *John Gilpin*, which he wrote in one night, is ever-amusing, but his noblest work is *The Task*.

*The Snail*.—Cowper took a delight in the sights of outdoor rustic life, and hence one is not surprised that he should have written a poem upon such a subject as this. Notice the rhyming of the final lines of the stanzas.

**Thomas Hood** (b. 1799, d. 1845).

Hood was the author of many humorous poems, but he was also able to write pure poetry. Among his famous poems are *I Remember*, *I Remember* and *The Song of the Shirt*.

*Nol*.—This is an exceedingly clever piece of composition, the initial syllable of the name of a month giving the key to the poem. Hood saw no joy in November, but in *Fairy Music* by Miss Rose Fyleman the fairies sang as they rode on the wild November winds.

**Charles Kingsley** (b. 1819, d. 1875).

You will enjoy reading the delightful story he wrote for children, *The Water Babies*. Kingsley was the author of many famous novels including *Westward Hol* and *Hereward the Wake*. He wrote little verse, his best-known poems being *The Sands of Dee* and *The Three Fishers*.

**John Keats** (b. 1795, d. 1821).

Unfortunately this poet lived only to the age of twenty-six, and the realm of literature is the poorer for his early death. Keats wrote *To a Nightingale*, perhaps the finest lyric in our language, and his ode to *Autumn* is another fine example of his work.

*Meg Merrilies*.—The simple life and comfort of this lonely old gipsy makes a strong appeal to us all. Notice she gave away her mats—a true gift brings joy to the giver.

**Rudyard Kipling** (b. 1865, d. 1936).

This author will always rank high, and his *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Book* make very enjoyable reading.

*The Secret of the Machines*.—Kipling lived in an age of machinery, and in this poem he indicates the mighty power of modern machines. Note the warning that these powerful monsters should be kept as servants to the mind of man.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** (b. 1807, d. 1882).

No other poet's works are so famous in the school and in the children's homes throughout the English-speaking world as Longfellow's; he told a story in simple language. As a mark of affection, the children of his own town presented Longfellow with a chair made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's chestnut tree. He was an American by birth, and he delighted the world with his famous poem *Hiawatha*.

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**Lord Macaulay** (b. 1800, d. 1859).

Macaulay was a great essayist, and among his prose writings are the famous essays on *Clive* and *Warren Hastings*.

*The Armada*.—The poet vividly tells us how the news of the coming of the Spanish Armada was spread throughout England. Macaulay has been described as "a true genius for narration", and his mastery of descriptive detail is evident in this poem. It is unfortunate that the poem was never finished.

**Sir Walter Scott** (b. 1771, d. 1832).

Undoubtedly Scott was the greatest poet and novelist Scotland has produced, and the impressive Scott Memorial in Edinburgh indicates the high regard his fellow-countrymen had for his valuable contribution to literature. His most important poems are *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*. He wrote a series of novels known as the *Waverley Novels* which include such well-known works as *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Talisman*.

*My Native Land*.—These lines are taken from a long poem entitled *Lay of the Last Minstrel* where the story of Border feud is written as if told by an aged minstrel. This extract rings with true patriotism—Why is the person who is not a patriot said to be "concentred all in self"?

**William Shakespeare** (b. 1564, d. 1616).

From his birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, Shakespeare went to London where he spent many years of his manhood. Later he returned to his native town. He was famous as a writer of plays and when you are older you should take every opportunity of seeing these plays performed. "The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature."

He wrote thirty-seven plays, many sonnets, and several poems. His plays may be grouped into:—

- (1) Comedies (which end happily for the principal character):  
*Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*
- (2) Tragedies (which end in the death of the principal character):  
*Hamlet, Macbeth.*
- (3) Historical Plays (founded on events in English and Roman History): *King John, Julius Cæsar.*

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson** (b. 1809, d. 1892).

Succeeding Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, he was one of the outstanding poets of the nineteenth century. One of Tennyson's most famous works is *In Memoriam*, a poem in which he laments the death of a great personal friend.

*The Brook.*—In this poem, the brook itself tells its own story. What other poems in this book are similarly planned? Notice that the words and rhythm suggest the sounds of the flowing brook thus indicating the skill of the poet in his mastery of language.

When reading poems by Tennyson it is always interesting to note his frequent use of the same letter to begin several of the words. This is called *alliteration*. In *The Brook* you will be able to find many examples like sudden sally, twenty thorns, &c.

**William Wordsworth** (b. 1770, d. 1850).

This famous poet of Nature was born and lived in Cumberland amid the beautiful scenery of the Lake District, hence we can understand that his works reflect his true feelings concerning the enjoyments of quiet country life. Thus Wordsworth gave us such poems as *To the Daisy, To the Cuckoo, and To a Sky-Lark*. So close to Nature did Wordsworth live that he wrote:

'Tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

*Daffodils.*—Wordsworth narrates the scene created by a mass of these spring flowers along the shore, and the lasting impression the sight made upon the poet. It is worthy of note that in *The Thistle* one solitary plant gave the poet his theme.

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